

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse cloudy,
And to become the gecke and scorne o' th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Bro. Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:

Then *Iupiter*, King of Gods, why hast thou thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

Math. Since (*Iupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miseries,

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe (*Iupiter*) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

*Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.*

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of *Elizium*, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guilt

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:

His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in

Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Inogen*.

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein

Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne

Expreffe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is

More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thankes *Iupiter*.

Sic. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest.

Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)

Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend

On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I haue done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I wene:

Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I

That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Booke? Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reader.
When as a Lyons whelpes all to himselfe unknown, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such,
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ie keepe
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoles.
Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shor.

Gao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meate, depart feeling with too much drinke: forie that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Braine the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the di-
charge: your necke (*Sis*) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feels not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
seene him so picur'd: you must either bee directed by
some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: for Iump the
after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'll neuer retorne
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gao. He be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoles; no bolts

for

for the dead.
Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallows, & be-
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my
Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to live, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gaoles and Gallows: I speake, a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
in't.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Giderius, Aru-
ragus, Pisanius, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, than d' gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Steep'd before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy, that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;

Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greafe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)

By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o' th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o' th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,
To sowre your happiness, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,

I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when the snuff'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Corn. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place: